

My experience with my Master's degree was indeed very happy and exciting from start to finish; a perfect success up until my thesis. A true joy of meeting new people, research, discoveries; a real fresh start and a true professional asset.

Taken by this fervour, I wanted to keep up the momentum and considered doing a thesis. It so happens that I had read a lot from the philosopher Bernard Stiegler and that he was putting into place a new kind of "contributive" thesis at Plaine Saint-Denis.

The idea is to bring together several PhD students to work on this territory unknown to me. The first selection is based on applications and I was chosen to deliver an oral presentation at the Maison des Sciences de l'Homme at Saint-Denis.

I was informed that I would have 15 minutes to talk about my career path.

Perfect.

I want to try and I imagine that my artistic experience (in production, distribution and public relations) could correspond to other types of profiles with whom I could reflect on a common topic.

I arrive early for the appointment and run into Bernard Stiegler.

Then comes my turn.

A tiny room. A table, a chair and in front of it, four people including Bernard Stiegler.

"Good morning, you have 10 minutes to present us with your thesis topic"

. . .

I've never lost my wits like that before. The void. I tried to salvage what I could but the minutes seemed like an eternity in almost total silence.

Failure in silence.

A failure that was difficult to accept but a failure that allowed me to redefine myself and concentrate on my work, to understand where I had to go.

A few years later, I had the opportunity to participate in a symposium at the University of Mont-Blanc-Savoie, where I met other researchers who encouraged me to follow this path and the success of our projects since then has proved them right.

It is quite possible that this failure was a defining moment in today's success.

---